

THE DEMOCRAT.

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VERSAILES. MISSOURI.

"THEM THAT GIVES, GITS."

There's a quaint and homely saying
That is true, though ill expressed,
And you'll find upon the weighing,
That it measures all the rest—
"Them that gives, gits."

Is it wealth you're seeking after?
Do not tightly close your palms,
But with love and happy laughter,
Give your brother needing ams—
"Them that gives, gits."

Is it fame for which you're longing?
Follow still the Godlike plan,
Help the needs forever thronging
Round your struggling fellow-man—
"Them that gives, gits."

Is it knowledge you would fetter?
"Tis within your earnest reach,
But you'll get it quicker, better,
If another you will teach—
"Them that gives, gits."

Is it love, earth's dearest treasure,
You would gather for your store?
Give of love, nor stint the measure,
'Twill return to you the more—
"Them that gives, gits."
—Eleanore S. Inslee, in N. Y. Sun.

The Earthquake at Shuter's Corners.

BY A. L. VERMILYA.

"IT'S comin'; the signs is all right, and it's surely comin'. We'll all be in eternity by this time to-morrow, and the world, at least our part of it, will be all joggled to pieces. This is our last day on earth, and we'd ought to reflect on the future state." Mrs. Potter creaked dismally back and forth in her wooden rocker, as she gazed with lack-luster eyes at some half-grown chickens that were contentedly scratching before the open door.

"Wal, I dunno," replied her husband cheerfully, as he combed his scanty locks before the small looking glass, "p'raps we'll be here quite a spell yet. Them prophet chaps don't know it all." Mr. Potter was a cheerful soul, though his wife regarded his present optimism as nothing short of rank sin. But he did not believe that any serious calamity was impending, so he sat down to supper with his wonted good spirits.

For a prophet had arisen at Shuter's Corners—one of those lank, sad eyed, ignorant beings who are given to dreams and visions, and who exert an unaccountable influence over the minds of country folk. This particular seer had been afflicted with a dolefully realistic dream, in which he had seen the "Corners" and the surrounding country swallowed up by a great earthquake. Then an angel had appeared to him in his sleep, and had told him that it was an all-wool vision, and that the things which he had seen would surely come to pass, on the 27th day of the coming month, at exactly eight o'clock in the morning. The destruction was to be complete, and after that date the world would know Shuter's Corners no more. The prophet, it was said, had eaten heartily of fresh pork and fried onions on the eve of the dream, which circumstance may have had some connection with the "vision," though this is mere conjecture.

From the time of the vision, the prophet had done nothing but wander about the little hamlet, "warnin'" the inhabitants, many of whom, greatly to their discredit, believed the lanky one, and were accordingly much depressed. These believers were for leaving the place at once, but as none seemed to know just how far the earthquake's destruction might extend, they changed their minds and concluded to die at home. Besides, it was right in harvesting time, and with a faint hope that there might be some mistake in regard to the coming of the advertised calamity, these superstitious folk continued to gather in their crops, though the work was done in a perfunctory manner. Mr. Potter and his son, John, were quite unaffected by the prevailing gloom; and the cheerfulness and energy with which these two worked at gathering in the harvest surprised and annoyed the followers of the prophet, and caused the dyspeptic soothsayer to declaim loudly against the worthy farmer's "ongodliness." But Mrs. Potter was the only utterly hopeless one in the place. She looked forward with absolute certainty to the coming of the earthquake on scheduled time, the 27th day of August, at eight o'clock. It was now the evening of the 26th.

Mr. Potter sat down at the table and began peeling a boiled potato. Anxiety for the morrow had not impaired his appetite.

"Come, Sairy," he said, cheerfully, "set up and hev some supper. Come and hev a cup of tea and some of these poached eggs. They're real good, the way you cook 'em." Mr. Potter had always been indulgent with his wife, and now, though he was thoroughly disgusted at her taking so strongly to the popular delusion, he tried to cheer

her and to divert her mind from the expected catastrophe.

"Wal," said Mrs. Potter, coming wearily to the table, "I s'pose I may as well set down with you, though I ain't no stomach for eatin'. Mr. Garner says everybody ought to be prayin', and preparin' for the end."

"Dang Jabe Garner!" exclaimed her husband, in a burst of just indignation. "He's a dum nuisance, and ought to be drove out of the Corners. If he'd pay a little more attention to his business, and try to raise something on that weedy farm of his, or do better work at plasterin', when he tackles that business, he wouldn't hev quite so many pecky dreams. He's a plum fraud." Mr. Potter savagely speared another potato from the dish, and began fiercely cutting it up with its skin on.

"O Silas," said Mrs. Potter, with a reproachful look at her husband, "how can you speak so onrespectful of Mr. Garner? He says he's a real prophet, appinted by God, and that the angel told him to warn his neighbors, so that they could repent of their sins. Besides, he proves all he says by revelation. He's a pious man, Mr. Garner is, and don't want his friends to be hurled into eternity unprepared. But we won't quarrel about anything when we're so close to the end of our days."

"Course we won't," cheerfully assented her husband. "We'll jest eat a good hearty supper, and not worry about the future. Where's John? Didn't he come in a spell ago?"

Mrs. Potter glanced out of the open door, her brows contracting with annoyance. "I declare," she exclaimed with asperity, the earthquake for the moment forgotten, "if there ain't the boy (John was 25) over to Rogers' again, spoonin' with that shiftless Mary. The idea of his being so sot on a girl that reads Shakespeare, and can't make good salt risin' bread, let alone hop 'east! But John shan't never marry the minx so long's I'm on earth."

"Which won't be long, 'cordin' to your tell, mother," said Mr. Potter, helping himself to another generous dish of apple sauce. "Still, we may not move out quite so sudden, after all; and you know that you promised John to give your consent to his marryin' Mary, if the world wa'n't swallowed up on the 27th."

Mrs. Potter said nothing, but gazed scornfully in the direction of the Rogers cottage. John's love for Mary Rogers had been a sore trial to his mother. Not that the good woman did not want her son to marry; it was simply because she did not like the girl. Any of the other marriageable maidens of the place would have been satisfactory to her as a daughter-in-law, but Mary Rogers—never. She didn't like Mary simply because she was unlike the other girls, the difference being merely that Mary had the energy to get a little education. Mary was a pleasant, modest girl, and did not parade her knowledge of "grammar and sech stuff," as Mrs. Potter contemptuously put it. It is said that some good generally comes from the greatest disaster, and since the promulgation of the dire "prophecy," the good woman had been able to glean one atom of comfort—the earthquake would prevent John's marriage to an "educated" girl. Learning is seldom popular in the rural districts.

"And Mary's certainly a good girl," resumed Mr. Potter. "If I'm any judge, she's the most energetic girl in the place. If she don't care for dances and such, where's the harm? P'raps she can't cook jest like you experienced housekeepers, but she'll learn. She and John could get along first rate, I know. I do hope Jabe Garner's made some mistake in his calculations." Mr. Potter's whimsical smile was lost on his wife, who was intently watching her son as he slowly came up the street from the Rogers cottage.

"There won't be no mistake," returned Mrs. Potter. "It does seem strange that some people will refuse to heed the warnin's of inspired prophets." She gave a sniff, and just then John entered the kitchen and took his place at the table.

"Pass up your cup, John," said his mother, "and have some tea. It's about cold, and so is the meat and the potatoes. But I don't s'pose it matters," she said, relapsing into her former apathetic condition, "for the things of earth is almost passed away, and we won't need no more food."

"Not till to-morrow morning, ma," replied John, cheerfully, "not till to-morrow morning. Then we'll have a good breakfast, such as you always get."

His mother gave him a look of mingled sorrow and reproach.

"I hope you men don't expect me to get any breakfast to-morrow morning, and the town and perhaps the whole earth to be destroyed at eight o'clock. There won't be no more time than we'll need to prepare ourselves for the other world."

Her son changed the subject. "Got all the wheat in the west field in," he said, "and after supper I'm going to fix up your nasturtiums. They're sprawling all over the ground."

His mother vouchsafed no reply, but arose from the table, and went dejectedly out upon the stoop.

The morrow dawned clear and beautiful. In the soft morning breeze and

the blue sky there were no indications of approaching doom. Mr. Potter and John were up betimes, as usual, and were mending a hayrack, seeming not at all depressed by any fear of coming disaster. At breakfast time they entered the kitchen, but no meal was in sight. Mrs. Potter was feverishly perusing her Bible. She implored her husband and her son to "think on eternity, and to remain near her." They promised to do both, and said that they were not going farther away than the barn.

"Never mind the breakfast, John," said Mr. Potter; "we can take a bite by and by, and the wheat won't take any harm if we let it go this forenoon. We must look after your mother. She is all played out with the hard work of the summer, and that's the reason she's took up so strong with that fool prophet's idea. But 'tain't nothin'; her nerves is jest unstrung. I'll take her on a trip to Niagry, this fall, or my name ain't Silas Potter. She don't see nothing but the humdrum things of the country, and that must be wearin' on a woman. When she gits over this notion, we mustn't never say anything to her about it."

But Mrs. Potter could not rest easy and neglect the breakfast, even if the world were to be convulsed at eight o'clock sharp. The habits of years of punctuality were strong within her, and the thoughts that the "men folks" were going without their breakfasts were too much for her. Though it was now half-past seven, a full hour later than the usual breakfast time, she set about getting the morning meal, fully persuaded, however, that it would never be eaten. She went about her work in a dazed, weary manner, ever and anon glancing furtively at the little clock, which ticked merrily on, all careless of the lapse of time.

Mr. Potter carried an armful of green corn into the kitchen, and laid it upon a bench by the door, then started on his way to the injured hayrack.

Crash! crash! br-r-r-rap! Mr. Potter, half way to the barn, turned quickly at the thunderous noise, and looked toward the house. A thick dust was issuing from the kitchen door, and from out the cloud came a woman's cries and lamentations. Heavens! Was Jabe Garner right after all, and had the disintegration of the world begun? Yet there had been no shock, and the cattle in a field close by were browsing contentedly, evincing no signs of fear. With a few rapid strides, Mr. Potter reached the kitchen door, John hurrying after.

Upon the floor sat Mrs. Potter, a picture of helpless, hopeless woe. Her appearance was enough to bring laughter from a graven image. In her lap was a goodly supply of fried potatoes, her clothes were dripping with milk, while numerous strips and triangles of wall paper lent additional decoration to her garments. Her eyes were full of dust, which she was vainly endeavoring to remove with a corner of her milk-soaked apron. From the table ran thin streams of syrup, gravy and pepper sauce. The dishes were in a state of chaos, most of them being broken. Utter ruin seemed to pervade the kitchen.

"It's a-comin'! It's a-comin'!" wailed Mrs. Potter. "The earth is bein' swallered up, and the heavens rolled together like a scroll. The Lord have mercy on us all! Ouch!" The terrified woman had placed her hand upon a hot frying pan that lay at her side.

"Come, Sairy," said her husband, trying to suppress his laughter, "get up. This ain't no earthquake; it's jest some of that shiftless Jabe Garner's poor work. Look at the ceiling. 'Bout seven ten of plaster's fell off. It's a mercy you wa'n't squashed flat."

He helped his wife to her feet, and as she at last got the dust from her eyes, and beheld the condition of her kitchen, a change came over her. The fear of being suddenly launched into another world passed away, and she again beheld things in their true light. She glanced, a little nervously, perhaps, at the clock, and said, "Good land! Silas, don't stand there as if you was made of wood. Get to work and help me clean up this mess. John, you get the shovel and a bushel basket. My, don't I wish't that Garner was here now!" She gazed at the wreckage about her in a manner that boded no good to the visionary Jabe.

It was ten o'clock before breakfast was served in the Potter kitchen that August day, but the meal was an excellent one, notwithstanding its lateness. Mrs. Potter was almost as active and cheerful as before the blighting "prophecy" came to town. No reference was made to the earthquake, save once, when John slyly remarked, "Ma, don't you notice that it's considerably past eight o'clock?"

His mother made no reply, but merely passed him the cookies.

John and Mary were married in October and moved into a pretty cottage just across the street from the elder Potters' home. Mrs. Potter, her nerves once more in a perfectly normal state, found much to admire in her daughter-in-law; and often declared that as an all-around sensible woman John's wife was a shining example. She said the young lady's equal didn't live in Shuter's Corners, and that when John took a fancy to Mary Rogers, he showed excellent judgment.—Orange Judd Farmer.

TWO YOUNG MEN AND THE COOK.



Find Another Customer.

Two Young Men went into a Cook's shop under pretense of buying meat. While the Cook's back was turned, one of them snatched up a piece of beef, and gave it to his companion, who put it under his cloak. The Cook, turning round again, missed the beef and charged them with the theft. "I haven't got it," said he who had taken it. "I have taken none of your meat," said he who had it. "Look here," said the Cook, "which of you has stolen my meat I can't say, but of this I am sure, between you both there's a thief and a couple of rascals."

Moral—An honest man's word is as good as his oath; and so is a rogue's, too, for he that will cheat and lie, why should he scruple to forswear himself.

FABLED SNAKE MARKET.

Missouri Woman Went to Town with a Hundred Reptiles, But Couldn't Sell.

An old woman was in Joplin the other day with a basket, the sight of which, according to the News-Herald of recent date, made women scream and men sign the pledge. It was filled with snakes of every size and variety.

"It was ascertained," the News-Herald says, "that the owner of the snakes had come to the city to dispose of them, she having been led to believe that she could find ready purchasers for the reptiles in Joplin."

"I live near Granby," she said to a reporter, "and always keep a couple of small snakes for the kids to play with. These kind are perfectly harmless. About a month ago a traveling man who ate dinner at my house told me that there was a snake factory in Joplin. He said that they used the skins to make belts and gloves out of, while the bodies were sold to the sausage mills. He said that they brought \$1.50 a foot. I thought it was a good way to make money, as very few snakes are less than two feet in length. That would be three dollars a snake, you see. Well, I worked hard for a month catching the snakes. I hired all the small boys in the neighborhood and paid them at the rate of ten cents a snake. I have a hundred or more snakes with me now. These are only samples which I have here in this basket; the others are in my wagon out on Seventh street."

"The woman refused to give her name for publication, as she said she did not want her husband to know what she had been doing. 'I expected to realize about \$3,000 out of the snakes,' she said. 'With this money I intended to lift the mortgage on our place and surprise my husband.'"

Finding no market for the reptiles, the old woman carried them to the end of East Seventh street and turned them out; and now, every time a Joplin woman's foot touches anything on the ground unexpectedly, she gives a high jump and a yell that would excite envy in the heart of a Comanche.

New German Museum.

In Germany it is intended to make the restored Saalsburg in the Rhine country a museum for antiquities from the Roman occupation and earlier times. To decorate the museum various statues of Roman emperors are in preparation. The sculptor, Goetz, of Berlin, has completed his models of Adrian and Alexander Severus and submitted them to the German emperor.

Cause of Many Failures.

The reason so many people do not succeed is because they work so little. —Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

A Diplomat.

A diplomat is a man who pretends that the other fellow's way is his when he can't have his own.

Life Job.

A woman usually begins her life work when she marries a man to reform him. —Chicago Daily News.

As Done in St. Louis.

A St. Louis widow was married recently with a baby in her arms.

The Pension List.

The amount paid in pensions since the civil war is \$3,134,271,542.

BIRD THAT EATS SPANISH FLY.

Fattens Itself on an Insect That Produces a Blister on Human Beings.

One would scarcely suppose that a bird that fattened itself on an insect which will blister your flesh almost as quickly as the burning head of a parlor match would be much of a table luxury, but there is such a bird. It is called the papabote, and it belongs to the plover family. It is about the size of the woodcock, with a sober gray plumage and a short, hard bill. The coming of the Spanish fly upon the foliage in the localities it frequents is sudden and mysterious. No one knows whence it comes or whither it goes. It disappears as mysteriously as it comes. It is a most destructive insect, coming in countless myriads, and eats of growing things. But the papabote comes with it, stays until the fly disappears, and consumes millions of the pest. The birds grow so fat on this corrosive insect that they become literally balls covered with feathers. When they fall before the gun of the hunter they burst open like overripe fruit.

The papabote is the shyest of birds, and can be approached within gunshot in only one way, for, unlike all known game birds, it will not crouch to the dog. It is heavy of wing, keen of sight and hearing, and rises long before the hunter is in range, resembling in this respect its common meadow lark. It can be shot in no really sportsmanlike way, and only by using a horse and wagon. The bird will permit a horse to walk quite close to it, and the hunters take advantage of this and in open buggies and spring wagons ride about among the feeding grounds, and drop the birds as they rise on every side in easy range.

Their Numbers Are Increasing.

Of women sanitary inspectors there are over 40 in England and Wales, six in Scotland, and five in Ireland, about 140 women being engaged in various kinds of sanitary work. Under the home office there are seven lady factory inspectors, four under the local government board and five under the L. C. C.

Her Admiring Friends.

Eva—Maude's having her portrait painted.

Ida—Well, it's liable to look just like her if they get the paint on thick enough. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

Ambiguous.

Mrs. Marigold—How do you happen to be so much brighter than other people, Mr. Author?

Mr. Author—Well—er—you see, the criticisms of my books make me smart. —Kansas City Journal.

Have Good Points.

Some men are like pins; they have their good points, yet they are apt to stick you.

Take No Chances.

Don't take chances of proposing to a girl on Friday; she might not refuse you.